

The CONSPIRACY:

O R,

The Discovery of the Fanatick Plot.

To the Tune of, *Let Oliver now be forgotten, &c.*



I.
Let *Pickering* now be forgotten,
 Old *Rumbold* has wip'd off his scores;
 Since *Presbyter Jack* went a Plotting,
 The *Jesuit's* turn'd out of Doors:
 For Brewing, swilling of Treason,
 King-killing without reason,
 Of all the Pack,
 Noble or Peasant,
 None can exceed old *Presbyter Jack*.

II.
 First, the hot *SecTaries* Voted,
 'Twas Treason to murder the King;
 And next the bold *Regicides* Plotted
 To compass the very same Thing:
 Their *Votes* and *Arbitrary Power*,
 That sent the Lords to the Tower,
 We now see plain,
 Every hour,
 They'd the old Game play over again.

III.
Rumsey and *Rumbold* indentured
 At *Hodsdon* their Ambush to bring;
 But *Heav'n* and the *Fire* prevented,
 And *Providence* guarded the KING:
 The *Whigs* the Treason propounded;
 But when the Trumpet sounded
 For *Cambridgeshire*,
 All were confounded,
 Taken or fled both *Peasant* and *Peer*.

IV.
M—— for Wit, who was able
 To make to a Crown a pretence,
 The Head and the Hope of the Rabble,
 A *Loyal* and *Politick Prince*:
 But now He's gone into *Holland*,
 To be a King of *no-Land*,
 Or else must be
 Monarch of *Poland*;
 Was ever Son so *Loyal* as He?

V.
 Lord *G——*, and *A——*ng the Bully,
 That Prudent and Politick Knight,
 Who made of His Grace such a Cully,
 Together have taken their flight:
 Is this your *Races*, *Horse-matches*,
 His Grace's swift Dispatches
 From Shire to Shire,
 Under the Hatches,
 Now above-Deck you dare not appear.

VI.
 Brave *R——*, and *S——*y the Bully,
 That stood for the holy *Old Cause*;
 And *Trenchard* drawn in for a Cully
 In spite of Allegiance and Laws;
 And *Wildman* too, with his Cannon,
 With *Walcot*, *Smith*, and *Aaron*,
 With *Mead* and *Bourn*,
 Every Man, on
 To *Tyburn* goes the next in his Turn:

VII.
 Next Valiant and Noble Lord *H——*,
 That formerly dealt in Lambs-wool,
 Who knows what it is to be Tower'd,
 By Impeaching may fill the Jays full:
 And next to him Cully *B——*
 The Wit; and famous *Pambden*
 Must take his place,
 Who did abandon
 All *Loyalty*, *Religion* and *Graco*.

VIII.
Hone, and *Romse*, the King and His Brother
 That they were to kill 'em confest,
 And now they hang up one another,
Holms, *Elaney*, *Lee*, *Walcot* and *West*:
 May all such Traytors discarded,
 To *Tyburn* be well guarded,
 And ev'ry thing
 Be so rewarded,
 That would oppose so Gracious a KING.